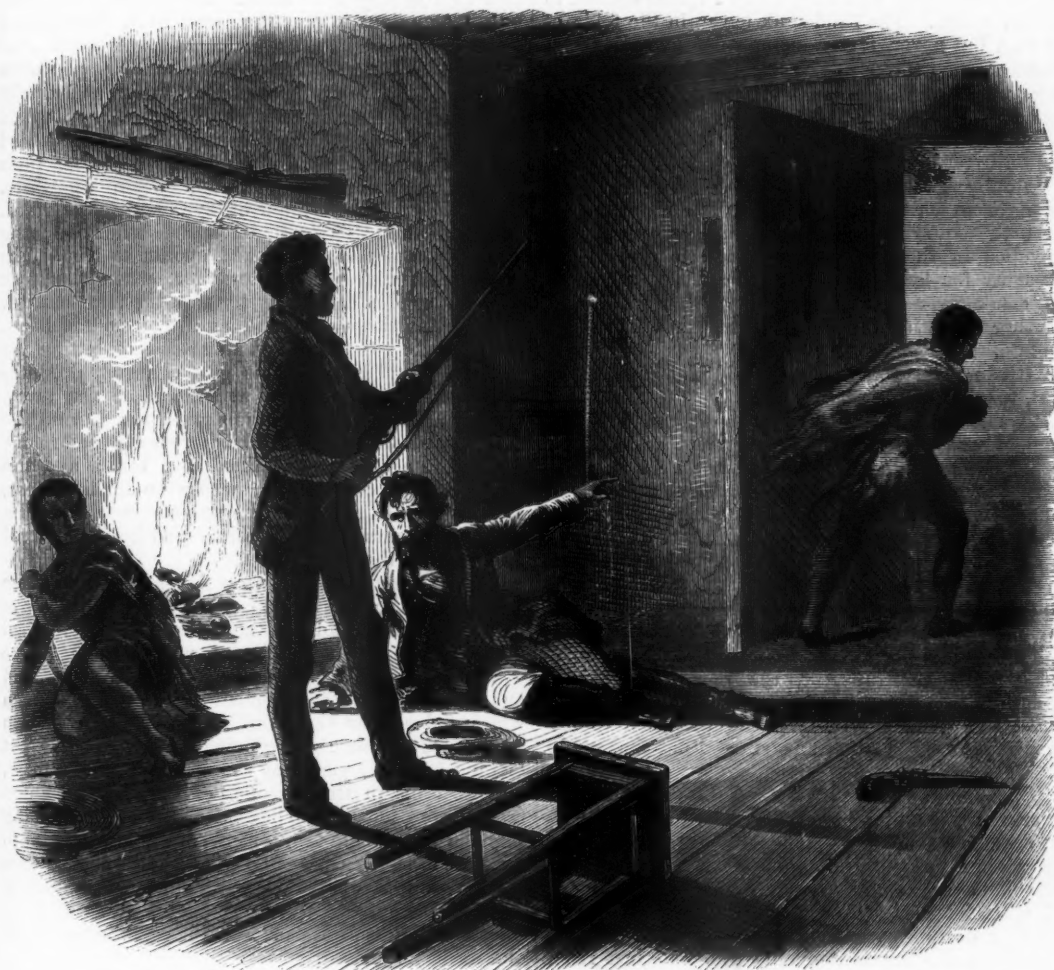


THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



BOBBY PEEL OFF AGAIN.

THE BLACK TROOPERS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CONFESSION.

We had been absent from the huts for nearly half an hour, but we found the three blacks still in a state of the most abject fear. They started with dread even at our approach; and, what surprised me much, Peel seemed even more panic-stricken than his younger companions. His eyes rolled, his teeth chattered, and every now and then he would shiver convulsively. When I had first met him he was dressed

in jacket and trousers, but now he was in his aboriginal costume, an opossum-skin cloak wrapped round his otherwise perfectly naked form. He was squatting on his heels by the fire, but with his face towards the door. The superintendent was a tall, powerful man, and a formidable antagonist to face. He stood in the centre of the hut (which, as I have explained, happened to be clear, the table having been placed against the partition), and looked sternly down on the three crouching, shivering figures beneath him. He had purposely left the gun we

had found in the kitchen, telling the hut-keeper and his wife not to come near, whatever they might hear. In his hand he held a pistol, while I stood with another in my belt, and my gun in my hand, ready for action. We had provided ourselves also with a stout piece of cord, which I had ready to give to him when he should ask for it.

For nearly a minute Stevenson thus stood and looked at them in silence. I observed that, after the first glance at him, the two boys stared round the hut and hung their heads without looking at him again. Not so Peel. As his eyes met the superintendent's, I noticed that they became fixed. The pupils, before dilated, suddenly contracted; the lids, previously wide open, half closed, and a spasm seemed to pass over him. His head sank lower in the folds of his rug, but never, for an instant, did he remove his glance from Stevenson's face. He saw something there which made him suspect that his villainy was known, and that he had run into a trap, and the second danger counteracted the panic caused by the first.

"Bobby Peel," said Stevenson, "where gun, belongin' to white fellow you kill?"

At this question the two youngest absolutely grovelled in the ashes, and seemed to give themselves up for lost. Peel did not answer, but drew his cloak over his head, and gathered himself together beneath it, as if he had resigned himself to his fate.

"Give me the rope, doctor," said the superintendent, turning his face towards me.

It was but for a moment that he did so, but that moment was enough for the wary and agile black, who, from beneath his covering, had still watched every movement. Dropping his cloak, with one bound he sprang from his heels and shot himself forward against his antagonist, who was about five or six feet from him. His hands, held out at full length, caught the superintendent in the chest, and sent him reeling the whole length of the hut, until he came crash against the table, which was covered with dishes and plates, and fell heavily in the corner. Not hesitating an instant, the now naked black rushed to the door. I stepped back outside and raised the gun, but he paid no attention to my threat and order to stop, and slipped out and made off.

"Shoot him, doctor!" roared Stevenson, in a towering rage, and for some time I had him covered, but somehow I could not pull the trigger; I felt a repugnance, guilty as he might be, at the thought of being his executioner.

I still had the gun pointed at the fugitive, who was fast disappearing in the gloom, when a shout arose from the superintendent, who had just risen from the ground in time to seize Pothook, who had decided—five seconds too late, however—upon following Peel's example. I barred the door, and the two were ordered to resume their places on each side of the fire.

"We have got these two fellows safe enough, doctor. Do you know they have been killing white men all about the run? Why did you not shoot Peel? I told you to fire."

"But have they been killing white men?" I asked.

"Plenty. I heard of it to-day over at the Wakool—Peel, Pothook, little Toby, and Jumboy.

In a low tone, as if for me, but taking care the two

boys should hear us, we discussed what we should do.

The two boys listened to us in silent terror. They knew, unhappily, only too well, from past experience, how little valued black lives were by the majority of the white men. With no provocation whatever, and in the mere wantonness of the power to slay, they had often been slaughtered by the settlers. But now, conscious that they were privy to many murders of the whites, and that a justification for their death existed—kind and just as they knew Stevenson to be in general—they believed that their hour was come. Their fear grew every moment stronger while we talked, and, as they thought, took counsel together how best to dispose of them. The end of it was that, only too anxious to save their own lives, they made a clean breast of it. Pothook had overheard Peel describe his doings to Jimmy—one of the head-station blacks. There were three or four others principally concerned, whose names were given. They waylaid their victims, sometimes spearing them from behind trees; at others accosting, and after throwing them off their guard, striking them down unawares. Altogether Pothook knew of five or six thus killed. The bird-skin collector had met Peel when the latter was apparently alone. I had spoken to him. The two were walking along together, when the black made a sudden snatch at the gun the man carried, but he failed to obtain it, and took to his heels. Unfortunately the white man, instead of letting the fellow go, and keeping his gun charged, fired the only barrel he had loaded at him, as he ran away, wounding him slightly in the shoulder and arm. The other barrel was empty, he having shortly before discharged the shot it contained at a bird; and this Peel and his companions, who were lurking near, well knew. In an instant he was surrounded, and a volley of spears thrown at him—and he fell, pierced through and through.

Cupidity and revenge were the motives for these murders. Almost every man killed had a supply of tobacco; many had tea and sugar; and all had blankets. To them such spoil was of great value—but revenge, and the improbability of being found out, were doubtless inducements, for the class of men who wander about the interior from station to station are known to none: going nowhere in particular, but looking for employment as shepherds or hut-keepers, and heading in the direction of the districts where they are informed it can be obtained. Merely making this the pretext for lounging from one out-station to another, until shearing-time came on, they could earn money enough to indulge in their usual debauchery at that season, and were often marked as victims. Such men might disappear from the earth in numbers, and never be missed.

The lads seemed to have told all they knew, but Stevenson, to try them, pretended they had not done so.

"Pose you no tell what all about black fellow do, eberything—mine hang you! You tell all."

Thus urged, they informed us of the slaughter of another cow killed the previous day (a thing we were as yet ignorant of). This was a great crime to any settler, and Stevenson threatened them severely if they kept anything back which they knew about destruction of sheep or cattle on the run, and they then confessed to several misdemeanours of that kind, though on a small scale, during the time he had been on the station. In his anxiety to save

himself, and tell "everyting what all about black fellow do," Pothook confessed every piece of petty roguery his tribe had been guilty of for a long time past. It was now that we learned that, on two occasions when the slip panel of the paddock had been left down, and the horses all escaped into the bush, by the carelessness of some passing traveller, as we supposed, it was one of the blacks who had played the trick, and who had been rewarded with two sticks of tobacco for speedily finding and bringing them back. Percussion caps had been stolen, tobacco lying about the hut purloined, and even charges of powder taken from the flasks when our backs were turned. But above all, it was a black fellow's dog which had killed the cat, which, on account of the snakes infesting the neighbourhood of the huts, the superintendent had taken such trouble and pains to procure, riding forty miles with it in a basket strapped behind him, and the unaccountable loss of which had much surprised and vexed him, for it had disappeared the day after its arrival.

"Whose dingo killed my cat, Pothook?" asked the superintendent.

Pothook rolled his eye towards young Toby, who hung his head with a guilty look.

"No, you scoundrel! that was the way The Colonel went, was it? And you pretended to hunt for it so diligently that I gave you your dinner and a stick of tobacco. If ever I see you or your dog after this within a mile of the head station, I'll take the stock whip and make it a caution to the pair of you. What did you do with the body? Where put 'um pussy?"

No answer from the criminal, but Pothook, anxious to curry favour at everybody else's expense, informed us, "Him yeat 'um."

"Ate him?"

"Yes; him tink that one very good, white fellow 'possum."

And Pothook furthermore let out that, under a somewhat similar delusion respecting a bottle of cold-drawn castor oil, which he had one day seen young Harris draw the cork and swallow a glass of, said little Toby had, at a moment when the hut was empty, slipped in, and seizing the bottle as it stood on the shelf, hastily gulped down a goodly portion, under the impression that it was something of an intoxicating nature.

I observed that Pothook in his narrative of delinquencies, did not mention any of his own exploits. This excessive modesty seemed quite misplaced to his companion, whose evil deeds he was bringing to light; and plucking up a spirit, Toby junior retorted,

"Mitta Tiffyson" (I may here observe that the superintendent's name was a great trial for most of the blacks. Almost every one of them had a *method* of his own of surmounting the difficulty. Some called him "Mr. Stiffison," others went further, and called him "Stiffunson," but plain "Stiffuns," with a splutter at the end, was the favourite pronunciation. I have, however, heard him called "Stub-bornson")—

"Mitta Tiffyson," said young Toby, eagerly, looking up at the superintendent, and pointing at Pothook as he spoke, "this one marn (take) um fiz-fiz belonging to plour."

"Fiz-fiz for flour!" I said, "what is that?"

"Oh! he means yeast," said Stevenson.

"Yes, yist," said little Toby, "porter belongin' to bread. Pothook steal 'um that one."

"Since you have been here," said Stevenson to me, "we have had yeast bread instead of damper. Mrs. Laidlaw got some from the publican's wife across the river. I remember her telling me that she had most unaccountably lost a quart bottle of it; she thought somebody had emptied it out in mistake. So Pothook take it, Toby?"

"Yes; him drink it all. Greedy fellow that one! no gib me any. Him tink it very good porter," added the black, with a grin at the recollection. And upon further inquiry it was elicited that having observed the woman place it on the table on her return home, and concluding it to be porter, Pothook had abstracted it, for he had often longed to taste that liquor. It would have been better for him if he had shared the responsibility, as Toby junior proposed, and given him half, for the result was more than he could well bear.

Finding that the two had no more to tell, the superintendent informed them that their lives were spared for the present, but if they attempted to leave the hut they would be shot down. And in this Stevenson was quite in earnest, for after such a confession it was his duty to convey immediate information to the commander of the border black police, the "black troopers," who were travelling down the river, and who, he had heard, would arrive at a station twenty miles off that evening. He resolved to start at once and endeavour to return with them by daybreak, before the blacks, who might think themselves perfectly safe for that night, would suspect their vicinity and take to the scrub.

"It will be useless my starting to fetch the police if either of those two fellows escape out of your sight; and they are slippery as eels. Do you think you will be able to keep them safely?" said Stevenson to us.

I was very tired, and so was Harris; and the idea of sitting up all night was not pleasant. However, there was no help for it, and we promised to watch alternately during his absence. "Where do you expect to find the troopers?" I asked, "And how will you get to them?" I said.

"That is the question," replied the superintendent. "Lieutenant Walters, I heard, was to reach the Junction, twenty miles up on this side of the river, at sunset to-day; but the blacks are camped not far from the road I must go by, as it is too dark to travel through the bush. I must therefore cross the river here and go up by the other side, and then swim the river again; not a pleasant prospect truly. If I attempt to cross on horseback here, at the punt, the blacks there will instantly suspect the truth; so swim it I must, somewhere in our neighbourhood. Nice, isn't it?"

Finally it was decided that he should cross just below the island, carrying his clothes in a bundle, wrapped in a waterproof coat and placed in a bucket, which he held as he swam. He would then walk to the inn, taking care to approach it from behind, so that the blacks there, who, warned by Harris, had left their fires and were squatted in the veranda, should not hear him. A hundred yards behind the inn was the hut where the puntman lived. He was to be roused and sent to the house to tell the inn-keeper to quietly saddle his mare, which was kept stabled at night, and bring her to Stevenson, while the man engaged the blacks in talk in the front of the house.

We watched until he had safely swam across and ascended the bank on the other side, and then returned

to the hut. As we passed by the kitchen we looked in. Laidlaw, the hut-keeper, was sitting by the fire, and, to do him justice, seemed heartily ashamed of himself, for he did not turn his head as we appeared. His wife had made up a sleeping-place for the poor child whose parents had been so suddenly cut off. The poor thing was overcome with drowsiness, and every now and then would sink into sleep, from which, however, it would almost instantly spring up, screaming out violently that the blacks were coming to kill it, and clinging in the utmost terror to the woman's gown. It had found its way to the body of its mother and father behind the hut, and in its endeavours to arouse and awaken them had got covered with blood, which the woman was washing off as we entered, her tears falling plentifully the while, for she was much attached to the two lubras—who helped her in such household work as peeling potatoes, washing dishes, and bringing water, and the like, while their husbands caught fish or (before I came) shot wild fowl with the superintendent's fowling-piece. She was therefore much shocked at what had occurred, and was, moreover, heartily ashamed of her husband's pusillanimity.

We re-entered our hut, thinking that our adventures for that night at least were over—but I was mistaken.

It had been agreed that Harris and I should start an hour before daybreak and ride to a spot fixed upon, there to await the arrival of the superintendent with the troopers; and having arranged that each of us should take a watch, I threw myself on one of the beds, and slept till two o'clock, when Harris woke me, and I took his place.

For some time I sat by the fire, musing over the different events which had occurred, and in imagination following the superintendent in his night ride up the river. It was about eleven o'clock when he started; and allowing him an hour to reach the inn and get mounted, he would then have a straight gallop across a large bend of the river for about fifteen miles. He would then have to tether his horse and again swim the stream, as there were no other means of crossing at that spot, and walk a mile through the bush to the station where the troopers were. Allowing him till three o'clock to do this, he would have time to start with them on their errand, and be at the rendezvous fixed on, before daybreak, always supposing no accident delayed him. Bobby Peel, we knew, would head for Winyong directly; but both he and the other murderers would certainly calculate upon having at least twenty-four hours undisturbed, wherein to escape, during which they would be comparatively safe from the white man's vengeance.

I put some fresh logs on the fire, for the nights were now becoming very cold. The two blacks were lying sprawling by its side on the earthen floor of the hut; while Harris lay just above them on the bed next the chimney. The blaze from the burning wood, and the light from the lamp, fell strongly on the three sleepers, fully revealing their faces and figures, and I could not help being struck by the different aspect of the physiognomies before me, illustrations as they were of the highest and almost the lowest types of the animal man. For some time my mind wandered in a maze of theories as to the origin of types—effects of climate, food, and other modifying agencies in influencing the

development of the *genus homo*, until, all at once, I became conscious that my ethnological speculations were rapidly conveying me into the land of dreams; so, jumping up to shake off the drowsiness creeping over me (for I had been shooting all day in the reedbeds), I slung the kettle to make myself a pot of tea, and then went outside to look at the night.

The heavens were overcast with dense masses of clouds, and a light breeze blew from the southward, the damp feel of which indicated that the long-expected winter rains would not much longer be withheld from the parched-up country. After pacing up and down in front of the hut for some time, I turned to re-enter it, when all at once I heard one of the horses in the paddock neigh. Under ordinary circumstances, this of itself would have signified nothing, but we were obliged to be constantly on the alert against the horse thieves, who often cleared out all the animals on several stations in a single night, and swept away with them over the borders and into the neighbouring colonies by routes known only to themselves, and where pursuit was in general utterly vain. As we had several valuable horses in our lot, I listened for some time, and after giving a look at my charge, and ascertaining that both still slept soundly, I walked down to where they were grazing.

The paddock extended for nearly a mile up and down the river, and our huts were situated inside its fence and about in the centre. I found most of the animals a few hundred yards off, grazing quietly enough; but as I stood near, one of them again neighed, and upon putting my ear to the ground I thought I heard a distant sound, which seemed to come from across the river. I went down to the bank and again listened. Sometimes it would die away, but presently it arose more strongly, until I plainly made it out to be the rushing gallop of either horses or cattle, my bush experience being then too slight to enable me to distinguish which. I concluded it must be the latter, as the sounds came from the island, which was some miles in length, being a broad rolling plain, everywhere surrounded by deep water, and occupied exclusively by cattle, which, as they could not escape, had no one to look after them. It was not possible that any horsemen could be there by accident; for even our own stockman had to swim his horse over when Stevenson wished to muster the herd. Perhaps (I thought) the blacks who had made that night's murderous onslaught were still there, and the cattle on the island had been startled by them; for cattle have the greatest aversion to blacks, scenting them at a great distance and fleeing from their vicinity. Sometimes they will rush at the natives, charging them with great fury. Poor Leichardt relates, in the account of his most wonderful journey from Brisbane to Port Essington, that, having killed and eaten all their cattle but one, a bullock named Redman, to which all had become much attached, for his patience and docility, the party was reduced to the very verge of starvation. For weeks they lived on boiled hide alone, and a very scanty allowance of that. Still none could endure the thought of killing the faithful Redman, who had travelled with them for fifteen months through the wilderness, led by a rope passed through a ring in his nose. And the party did succeed in taking the animal into their destination, though at the cost of great suffering to themselves. In the last month or two of their journey, the

explorers fell in with numerous tribes of blacks, who treated the white men with great kindness. Some of these tribes numbered five or six hundred souls. Whenever Redman, however, caught sight of them, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be restrained. He would break away from his leader, and charge the blacks with the utmost fury. "Had the natives been hostile," says Leichardt, "Redman would have protected us and routed them all. I have seen three hundred men flee from his rush, for they were terribly afraid of him."

All at once now the sounds ceased, and for some minutes I heard nothing; but as my eye wandered over the river banks, suddenly I caught sight of objects moving on the island, and a short inspection convinced me that they were horses, and I fancied that they were mounted. I crouched down to avoid being seen, but of that there was not much fear, as the shade of the rising ground behind me effectually concealed me. It was now darker than in the earlier part of the night, and the river was a hundred yards across, so that it was only when they passed along the summit of the bank and against the lighter background of the sky, that I could distinguish them. They stopped opposite where I was, and at the only spot for many miles (except at the punt) where animals could descend and ascend to and from the water, the banks of the Murray being exceedingly precipitous. By this I felt convinced they were horse stealers, and men, moreover, well acquainted with the locality, for they could not have passed down the river behind the inn, because the scrub, impenetrable at night, approached so close to the house that it would necessitate their passing within earshot. Higher up the river they could not cross without getting involved in a network of ana branches, impossible to ford at night. They were therefore obliged to cross at our paddock, and doubtless had the felonious intention of picking up our horses on their way.

THE COURT OF PROBATE.

UPWARDS of 26,000 wills were proved in England during the year 1869. This implies that at least as many persons have found themselves, in most cases without their previous knowledge or consent, thrust upon the performance of the most delicate, irksome, and responsible species of duty. As to the difficulty of making a will, it is sufficient to repeat a generally received statement that one half of the total litigation of the country arises out of disputed wills, and that a sum of £60,000,000 is constantly locked up in the hands of the Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, awaiting the issue of such disputes. Now as the Court of Probate is the great doorway through which every will relating to personal property has to pass before the testator's property can be realised, a short sketch of its origin and functions may not be uninteresting.*

The right of testamentary power over movables is in England of immemorial antiquity. But this power did not extend to all a man's personal estate. As the ancient law stood a man's goods were divided into three equal parts, of which one went to his

lineal descendants, another to his wife, and the third was at his own disposal. If he survived his wife he might then dispose of one half, and the other went to his children. If he had no children, his wife was entitled to one half and he might bequeath the other; but if he died without wife or children the whole was at his own disposal. The shares of the wife and children acquired the name of their "reasonable parts," and the rapacity of the Norman conquerors, having led to encroachments upon them, a clause for their protection was inserted in Magna Charta. A different kind of encroachment, however, sprang up by imperceptible degrees on the part of testators themselves, who, from making pecuniary bequests exceeding the strict limits over which they had control, came at last to dispose of their entire personal estate, and the claims of the wife and children fell into desuetude, a circumstance which many have thought matter for regret. The precise period of this change cannot be fixed; the old law stood out in various places under the name of custom, till it was finally abolished by a succession of statutes by William III, Anne, and George I.

This testamentary power, it will be observed, was confined to personal property, *i.e.*, goods, money, and leasehold property. Freeholds and copyholds were, under the feudal system, regarded as partly the property of the feudal superior, and on the death of one occupant went to his heir as a matter of right, a right conceived in the interest of the military superior. The power of bequeathing lands was granted by Henry VIII, subject, however, to the wife's right to dower of one third part; and this privilege, like the former, has been done away with by modern (some say retrograde) legislation. Any person therefore not suffering from mental incapacity, nor being a convicted felon (who is regarded as civilly dead), nor a married woman (whose property, if not settled upon herself, is her husband's, and therefore no longer at her disposal), may now bequeath the whole of his real and personal property.

But what if the deceased died intestate? In this case in early times the king seized his property as "father of his people," according to his own account, but stepfather would have been a better title. This right to pillage—for it was no more—he sold to various lords of manors; but so valuable a right was as tempting to the ecclesiastical mind of that day as cream to a cat, and in consequence it gradually happened that the prelates became invested with this branch of the prerogative, "which was done," says old Perkins, "because it was intended by the law that spiritual men are of better conscience than laymen, and that they had more knowledge what things would conduce to the benefit of the soul of the deceased." In the result, however, the priests soon decided that the best use to which they could put the intestate's property was to spend it on themselves—a conclusion remarkably similar to that formerly adopted by the king and his barons. Accordingly, we find that Pope Innocent IV, about 1250, complacently remarks that in England a third part of an intestate's goods go to the church. This abuse was remedied under our wise monarchs Edward I and Edward III, who successively provided for the due payment of debts, and the distribution of the residue among the next of kin. The ecclesiastical control was thus reduced to become ministerial only. But meanwhile, one important practical result had been produced: as the church had a pecuniary interest in

* In the "Leisure Hour" for 1865 will be found a series of papers on "Wills and Will-Making," with illustrative cases and anecdotes.

making a man out intestate, it was considered just that *proof* of any alleged will should be given to the satisfaction of the Ecclesiastical Court of the diocese where the deceased had lived. Thus it happened that the *proof* or *probate* of wills was vested in the Bishop's Court of the county where the deceased had his goods.

This arrangement in course of time gave much dissatisfaction throughout the country. The Ecclesiastical Courts administered a law of their own, and this from the earliest times was mysterious and unpopular. Indeed, it may be said that it was frequently absurd. For example, in the celebrated case of the Duchess of Suffolk it was upon solemn argument unanimously held, first, that the half-sister of Henry, Duke of Suffolk, was his next of kin, excluding the mother; and secondly, that his mother *was not of kin at all!*—a judgment which would seem incredible, but nevertheless is formally recorded in our law books.

Besides the natural repugnance of a common-sense people against a code which could produce such fruits, there were strong complaints arising from the dilatoriness and expense of the proceedings. Again, the Ecclesiastical Courts exercised a jurisdiction in suits to recover legacies which clashed with the authority of the Court of Chancery. Intolerable difficulties also frequently arose as to the proper court in which the will ought to be proved, every local tribunal having an interest in securing the fees. Added to this, that the proctors and doctors of the "Courts Christian," as they were called, exercised a monopoly, and kept a hungry crowd of solicitors and barristers out in the cold, and we have said enough to show that in such a period of legal reform as the present, this pleasant little family party, as it has been called, stood but a poor chance.

The attack came through another branch of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, equally usurped in its origin, and much more grossly unsuited to the requirements of the times—the matrimonial tribunal. The outrageous expense of an appeal to parliament having given rise to a demand for a Divorce Court, it was resolved to add to the duties of the judge of this court the jurisdiction over the probate of wills. The reason for this somewhat unnatural union was mainly that it was supposed that the judge of the Divorce Court would not, at first, have much to do; and secondly, that as the practitioners in matrimonial causes were sure to comprise the bulk of the old ecclesiastical lawyers and proctors, no court was more suitable for the purpose. The jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts over testamentary and matrimonial causes was accordingly, in 1857, after an exercise of more than seven centuries, withdrawn and transferred to the Courts of Probate and Divorce, held together at Westminster under the auspices of Sir Cresswell Cresswell.

The Court of Probate, as now constituted, has no power to entertain suits for legacies, or for the distribution of residues, or in short for any matters relating to the carrying out of the will of the deceased. Such questions are the proper province of the Court of Chancery. The Court of Probate has simply to ascertain whether or not the deceased made a will; whether the will, if made, was in truth such a "legal declaration of a man's intentions which he wills to be performed after his death" as the law requires, that is, whether it was the act of a man in sound mind, and not a document extorted from the

weakness of a sick man, or the random utterance of a lunatic; and if so, whether it is so executed and attested as the law requires for the sake of precaution, when the hand that signed it is still, and the document must vouch for itself. If the will satisfies these requirements, the Court of Probate admits the will to probate; it thereby constitutes in the executor a legal title to the whole personal estate and effects of the deceased, and is then "*functus officio*," and can interfere no more. If, on the other hand, there is no will, or no valid will, or if the executor will not act, the court, on proof of the fact, grants letters of administration to the next of kin of the deceased, or in some cases to a creditor, and the administrator thereby acquires a right to deal with the intestate's effects; and his discretion in the conduct of his duties, like that of an executor, can be questioned only in the Court of Chancery, or, in cases of estates not exceeding £500, in the county courts.

A short sketch of the duties of an executor in reference to probate may be useful, though if he be wise he will, without delay, put the matter into the hands of his solicitor. The proceedings of an administrator when there is no will are almost exactly similar, only he has to show the absence of a will, and is required to give a bond for the due performance of his duties.

The first duty of the executor on accepting the office—if he chooses so to do—is to prove the will. To facilitate this operation there is provided a principal registry of the Court of Probate, at No. 6, Great Knight-riding Street, Doctors' Commons, and forty district registries, corresponding to every county in England and Wales, with some additional ones for such places as Manchester, or such counties as York. To that one of these registries in which the testator had a fixed abode at the time of his death, or to the principal registry at his option, the executor must apply, producing the will, with a copy or engrossment on parchment, and an affidavit, signed by himself, stating that the will is genuine, that he has been duly appointed, that the personal estate of the deceased does not exceed a certain sum; and in the case of a district registry, that his abode was in the district in which the application is made. He must also be provided with an affidavit to much the same effect for satisfying the commissioners of inland revenue as to the amount of probate duty payable. He must then identify the will by signing his name upon it, which also will be done by the functionary who administers the oath to him, *i.e.*, either a commissioner to administer oaths, a surrogate of the Ecclesiastical Courts, or one of the registrars, or district registrars. The will and copy are then compared by the "Clerk of the Seat," for which a fee is charged. If found to be correct, the registrar certifies on the copy, "Let probate of this will pass as contained in this copy." Armed with this, the executor obtains from the nearest law stationer a blank form of probate, pays the necessary dues to the Court of Probate, which commence at 1s. for an estate of £100, 3s. for £200, 7s. 6d. for £300, 12s. for £450, and so on in an ascending scale of varying amount, and also the duty required by the commissioners of inland revenue. When all these charges have been duly paid, the registrar causes the blank form of probate to be filled up with the particulars necessary for identifying the will; it is then signed by him, sealed by the proper officer, and delivered to the executor with the copy of the will,

which copy thenceforth becomes the proper evidence of the will of the deceased. The will itself is retained by the registrar and stored in the strong room at Doctors' Commons, whence it can always be produced if requisite, and can be inspected by any one on payment of one shilling, a privilege of which advantage is frequently taken by speculative bachelors who contemplate matrimony, and by others with various interest in the testament of the departed. The executor has now performed his first duty, that of making out his title to administer the deceased's effects, and in ordinary cases the Court of Probate has no more to do with him.

But the business does not always proceed so smoothly. If there is anything suspicious on the face of the will, as if the testator were to bequeath the crown of England to any one, or otherwise give evidence of insanity, the district courts are forbidden to grant probate. Again, if any one intends to dispute the validity of the will, he can lodge a "caveat" against probate being granted. Even a creditor may thus interpose to require satisfaction as to the competency of the executor. In all such cases the will will be proved in "solemn form," notice being given to all parties interested in disputing it, and if it appear that the validity of the will is really in dispute, it is remitted to the department of contentious business. If the estate do not exceed the value of £200 in personalty, or £300 in realty, the county court has the jurisdiction, in other cases the Probate Court alone has authority, but the principles are, or ought to be, the same in either case.

The questions which can be raised in contentious business are mainly threefold. 1. Whether the testator really and *bonâ fide* made the will alleged to be his, without undue influence or mental incompetence. 2. If he was domiciled in England, so that his personal estate is rightly to be administered according to English law. 3. If the will is properly attested and executed according to law. The points which may arise upon these questions are very numerous, and to enter upon them would be to write a treatise upon the law of probate. It may suffice to say that the matter in dispute is brought before Lord Penzance at Westminster, and after hearing the parties interested, he pronounces for or against the will. If his judgment be for, the will is sent back to the registrar and proved as if no dispute had arisen; if against, the will is more or less a nullity, and administration is granted to the next of kin, as in a case of intestacy, accompanied, however, in some cases with the informal will as a guide to the administrator in the discharge of his duties.

It only remains to add a few points of interest connected with the subject.

Wills of soldiers or sailors, from regard to the exigencies of their service, need no formal execution. A mere letter or paper of directions as to the disposal of the property of any such person is sufficient, though unattested. Deposits not exceeding £50 in savings' banks, arrears of prize money or pay, may be distributed among the next of kin of the deceased without the formalities of ordinary administration. The same is the case with funds not exceeding £50 left in the hands of friendly societies, and so also with compensation payable to the families of persons killed by accident.

Lastly, if any person shall take upon himself to administer the effects of a deceased person without obtaining within six months of his decease probate of

his will, if any, or letters of administration in case of intestacy, he will incur a penalty of £100, and a further penalty of £10 per cent. on the amount of probate duty which would be payable according to law.

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO FISHES.

EVERY one has heard the legend of St. Anthony's preaching to the fishes, but few may have read the sermon which he is said to have delivered. As this sermon contains more sense and less error than is commonly heard in discourses by preachers of the Romish Church, we give it at full length as translated from the Italian by a great master of English, Addison. Travelling in Italy, he met at Padua with the "Life of St. Anthony," "the great saint," he says, "to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apopleptic balsam: and that would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it; it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night."

So much for Addison's visit to the tomb of St. Anthony. Now for his version of the celebrated sermon to the fishes, prefaced by the following explanatory statement:—

When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words:—

"Although the infinite power and providence of God, my dearly beloved fish, discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures, nevertheless the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings. For notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tost among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the divine greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The Holy Scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

"Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you,

O ye fishes? Do you think that, without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance that, when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

"It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes. You have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see from its deepest bottom everything that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an Argus; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding everything that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, works, and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

"The colds of winter, and the heats of summer, are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains

and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concerns in the blossoms of spring or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years, the variableness of the weather or the change of seasons.

"In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

"All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude, make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you can, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you."

He had no sooner done speaking, but, behold a miracle! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father, St. Antonio. The legend adds, that after many heretics, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.

The White Cliffs of England.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."

MEN who had bravely fought and done,
Men who with steel or lead
Had fallen, crying their comrades on
To battle in their stead,
Men hollow-eyed and hollow-cheeked,
Sunken and worn with pain,—
The tranquil-sailing ship brought back
To the White Cliffs again.

The stately vessel neared the port,
A thing of majesty;
The crowd dark gathered on the shore,
Hushed as the sleeping sea;
The anchor dropped. One mighty roar
Rent the blue shrinking dome:
A band (that thunder-welcome past)
On parched-up hearts, refreshed at last,
Rained softly, "*Home, sweet home.*"

Ah! thrill of sudden ecstasy,
That answered to the strain:
The aching void of those brave hearts
Seemed filled to almost pain;
Now swelled the melody, and now
To music's whisper fell,
Ringing its changes on their souls
That trembled as a bell.

A thin pale boy, not twenty yet,
Wounded and sick and white,—
The red flush lit his hollow cheek
With pang of sharp delight;

He rose, he smote his sudden palms;
Softly the music sighed;—
The light of Home was in his eyes,
As he sank back and died.

Silence about the slight still form
At rest and quiet now;
The mother put the dark damp hair
From the white, passive brow;
Then the pent anguish of each heart
Broke sudden through the gloom,—
"O God, that Thou hadst spared him us,
At least to die at home!"

"That the sea-tossed and tired head
Might the known couch have pressed;
Dear and familiar forms around
Have hushed his heart to rest!
The sudden thrilling of the thought
Snapped life's tense strings at last:
O God, that from his home so sweet
His spirit might have passed!"

An old man rose:—grief's wilder rage
Had hushed its fiercer strife:—
"Weep not, my friends, the omen sweet
That shook the dew of life"—
(Trembled his voice thro' age and grief,
Thin was his silver hair):—
"There is no place like HOME, my friend,
And he you mourn, is THERE!"



A LEISURE HOUR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ESSAYS ON TEXTS.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES.

PEACEABLE LIVING.

"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."—ROM. xii. 18.

It seems from this that it may be sometimes impossible to live peaceably with all men. It was so to Christ himself. No one ever used more severe words towards some people than the Lord did. Witness the chapter in which he heaps the bitterest woes upon the religious professors of his day. Nothing can exceed the strength of his language when with holy anger in his eye, and maybe a terrible trembling in his voice, he piled up upon the scribe and Pharisee hypocrites the accumulating reiterated sentences of his wrath. There is a sickly religious sentiment which would have the Christ look upon sin of all kinds with only a sad pity, as if we could do our part as soldiers of Christ without any offence to the feelings of mankind. As if we could fight with mere arms of courtesy, and when we thrust with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, be careful to have a blunt point to our foil. That cannot be; we must not make too much of the beautiful theory which roots out evil and yet spares the evil doer. We must not abuse the notion that God damns the sin and yet saves the sinner. He does not so in this rough world. His blows are hard, his weapons are sharp. His punishments of sin are terrible and earnest. He defiles the brain and shrinks the limb of the drunkard. He putteth rottenness in the bones of the whoremonger. He visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the children, making the seed of the intemperate sickly, of the prodigal beggars, of the infamous ashamed. And as all true human work is in a measure a reflection of his, we must not expect to do our part in his kingdom without some exercise of severity.

But let us ask how, in what cases, it may be possible to live peaceably with all men. Some live peaceably from a desire to spare themselves. They eschew the worry of strife. As long as they can say and do what is right without offending any one, they are sayers and doers of that which is right. But when once the capricious public or the narrow circle of acquaintance threatens to become ruffled at these words or acts, they drop the righteousness and think of their own comfort. They are peaceable because they dare not be otherwise. They refuse to join in the battle, not because they disapprove of war, but because they are afraid of being hit. They shrink from contradiction because they dread being contradicted themselves. But there are circumstances in which it is possible, I do not say easy, but possible, to live peaceably with all men. And they are pointed out in our text. As much as lieth in *you*. That does not mean that all our part is to be at peace. It does not mean that whether we actually live in peace or not will depend upon the behaviour of others towards *us*.

Towards *us*! Who are *we*? What have *our* feelings to do in the matter? Is there no third person who alone has to be consulted? Is there no God of right and truth? May we always sit still and hug our comforts as long as we individually are left in quiet? Have we nothing to say if we believe that truth is being smothered by falsehood? Are we never to interfere, and see that such as are in need and necessity have right? The phrase, live peace-

ably with all men as much as *lieth in you*, refers to *personal* injuries. What seems to injure *us* can alone be left without resentment. It is possible, though not easy, to keep the peace when we have received a personal insult. Those who dislike what we say or do, often retaliate by some offence to ourselves. Our vanity is hurt. We are tripped up, laughed at, splashed with the dirt of evil speech. Now in such cases we do not lose caste; we are not really humiliated if we refrain ourselves, and still keep the peace. It is a blessed thing if we are then helped by God to show some of His spirit, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered, he threatened not. It is possible, then, to keep the peace. But it is possible only in the spirit of Christ. The old Adam boils up within us. The return blow is struck, or we try to stab with the sword of the tongue. Still it is no degradation to refrain. It is possible, consistently with our dignity and duty as members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, to keep peace when we have received a merely personal injury. It is no disgrace to ourselves nor slight to our great Master to return good for evil, or patience for insult. It is rather a sign of the highest courage and power to refuse an answer, or to give a soft one to such provocation. Such self-respect, when it is known to be genuine, and not to arise from cowardice, commands the respect even of the world. Better still, it raises our own self-respect, for it makes us feel that we have been honoured with some of the strength of Christ, and have had God declare himself on our part. Then we fulfil the command to live peaceably with all men as much as *lieth in us*.

Again, it is possible to keep the peace when the subject proposed for dispute is one of mere opinion. We may live peaceably with men who *honestly* take another view of the same fact. As long as a man confines himself to sincere inquiry and arguments in search of truth, we have no call to break with him, however erroneous his present views may seem to be. We may treat him at least as an honourable opponent whom we respect. We can have common ground with those whom we feel sure are in the wrong, provided we believe that they are honestly seeking the right. I need hardly say that it should be possible to live peaceably with those who differ from ourselves in the practice of details which both we and they allow to be non-essential. There is a maxim even in the world that it is wrong to dispute about matters of taste. We do not seem to want the gospel to teach us this. Unfortunately, however, matters of taste or feeling are too often treated as matters of principle, and thus forced into an importance which does not rightly belong to them. We should therefore cultivate peace in striving not to multiply causes of offence, in not attaching an excessive value to things which we happen to prefer ourselves, which are among the things which lie *in us*. So far the gospel, which does not concern itself with minute regulations either in religion, society, or politics, comes in to support, nay, even to sanctify the wise old law that there can be no dispute about

matters of taste. But it is possible to live peaceably with all men only when the subject matter of dispute lies in us—concerns us personally.

Sometimes it is impossible to be at peace with all men. And I think the chapter to which I have already referred will help to point out the conditions under which peace is impossible. We cannot be at peace with a hypocrite. We may bear with a man who differs from us if we believe he is honest. We may entertain friendly feelings towards him himself, even while we take the side which is opposed to him. There may be common ground of sincerity on which we may stand. And thus in a sense, and true sense, we may be peaceably disposed towards the man himself. We may exchange some sentiments and share some deep principles with him, *i.e.*, love of truth, fairness, honesty. We may join issue with him; but we cannot join issue with any one who is essentially false in his way of living and speaking and working. We cannot join issue with him. We can have nothing in common with him. If the man is bad, however sound his views, however fair his words, we cannot be sympathetically his friend. We cannot affect to live peaceably with him. For he insults, not us, but the very existence of true humanity. He is the enemy of God and man, however civil he may be to us individually and personally. If we bid such a one godspeed we encourage that which poisons life.

We may heartily bid an opponent godspeed if, though he seriously differs from us, we believe he is honestly striving to learn and do right. But if a man is crafty, unfair, treacherous, hypocritical, we, as members of the kingdom of heaven, cannot live peaceably with him. We may wish him amendment, but we cannot wish him success in his aims as we could wish success to one who opposed us, but was honestly seeking the light. As we belong to God and not to the devil, so we cannot live peaceably with those who really take the devil's part. When we come across anything that is devilish, that is mean and false, then, as we are Christ-like, we can show no more peace towards it than Jesus did to the hypocrisy of his own day. He was merciful towards the publican and harlot bred in the long darkness of Galilee and Judea; he was silent when the slaves covered his face and buffeted him, but he was terrible when he saw the "religious" people of his nation like whited sepulchres, fair without but foul within. He wept over the ignorant, self-willed Jerusalem, but he heaped his woes upon the learned scribes who dealt falsely, covertly, unfairly towards God and man. Let us, then, though we may not be called on to denounce particular offenders, remember that there may be occasions in which it is most un-Christlike to affect peace towards all men. And let us pray and strive to keep free of that spirit of deceit and disingenuousness, which effectually and eternally might make us incapable of receiving the peace of God ourselves.

COCHINEAL AND CARMINE.

COCHINEAL, to which we owe one of the most brilliant red dyes used in our manufactures, and to which artists are indebted for the incomparable colour mixed with the carnations of their flesh tints, is made from the body of a small insect known as the *Coccus Cacti*, or Cochineal insect. The use of cochineal

appears to have originated in Mexico, where the Spaniards, on conquering the country, found the insects carefully tended in *nopaleries*, or plantations of *nopals* (the Mexican name for the cactus, on which they feed). The insects are very small and fragile—the male rather resembling a gnat, having large wings and long antennæ; the female being shaped like a lady-bird, but having no wings and short antennæ. When first hatched both sexes are alike in form, which is that of a very minute oval; they feed greedily and grow rapidly for some weeks, at the end of which time they undergo a change, the male appearing as a fly, while the female, first casting her skin, adheres closely to the plant, and without changing her position lays her eggs in large numbers, covering them with her body, and dying in this position—her shrunken frame forming a kind of penthouse for the protection of her brood.

The Spaniards had the monopoly of the cochineal market for more than a century after the brilliant dye had become known and valued in Europe. It was not until towards the close of the eighteenth century that the culture of cochineal became known to other Europeans. In 1776, the French Government resolved, if possible, to introduce the insects and the manufacture of the famous dye into the Island of St. Domingo, and they despatched M. Thierry de Menonville on a secret expedition to Mexico, with instructions to procure and bring away a sufficient number of the living insects to effect the desired purpose. This gentleman started on his enterprise in January of the following year. From the jealousy of the Spanish authorities, who would have cast him into prison had they discovered his object, he was induced to have recourse to fraud in order to insure success. Feigning sickness, he applied to the Spanish officials for leave to try the effect of the famous baths of the River Magdalena; but had no sooner obtained permission than he began to travel as rapidly as possible in the direction of Guaxaca, where he knew that the cochineal culture was carried on. Arrived at a certain village, he saw for the first time a garden planted with nopals, and feeling sure that they were covered with the cochineal insects, he alighted from his horse, and entering the grounds, questioned the Indian proprietor as to the use of the plants. The man told him they were for the cultivation of *grana*.* The Frenchman asked to see the grana, and was astonished to find that the insects, when put into his hand, instead of being red as he expected, were covered with a white powder. The idea occurred to him of crushing one upon white paper; and he had no sooner done so than the splendid colour flowed forth. He saw now that the accomplishment of his mission was within his power, and, inwardly rejoicing, he pursued his way. At Guaxaca, which is described as one of the most beautiful and fertile spots upon earth, De Menonville took up his abode for a time, and, without apparently caring for the cochineals, matured his plans for getting possession of them. First preparing some large chests for their reception, together with the plants on which they fed, he began to manifest a great fondness for flowers, of which he made frequent purchases at a garden in which was a thriving *nopalerie*. Here he managed from time to time, while the attendants

* The Cochineal insects were called *grana*, or grain, from their being supposed, when first brought to Europe, to be the seeds of plants; the dyes formed from them were called "grain colours." The name is still retained in commerce.

were gathering and arranging his bouquets, to collect by observation the information he wanted with regard to the management of the plants and insects. Being at length satisfied on this point, he one morning called early upon the negro proprietor of the garden, and telling him that he was a physician and anxious to prepare an ointment for the cure of gout, proposed to buy for that purpose some branches of nopals covered with cochineal. The negro, suspecting nothing, let him have as many as he chose for the value of a few shillings; and De Menonville, loading them on the backs of a couple of Indians, carried off eight fine branches completely covered with the insects. In his account of this very questionable exploit, he says, "My heart beat quickly, for it seemed to me that I had carried off the golden fleece, but might yet be pursued by the furious dragon who kept guard over it. All along the road I kept saying, 'At last they are in my power;' and I could willingly have sung for joy if I had not been afraid of being heard. I arrived at my inn quite out of breath, without having met a single person in the streets. It was about sunrise; no one was awake in the house, and I crept quietly to my room, where I arranged my nopals with inexpressible delight in the caskets I had prepared for that purpose."

There were numerous difficulties and dangers, however, to be surmounted in transporting the nopals thus obtained to St. Domingo, and indeed, so formidable were these obstacles, that only a small proportion of the insects were living when the plants reached that island. These ultimately proved sufficient, and being carefully tended, multiplied so fast, that a thriving nopalerie was ere long established. De Menonville found that there are five or six species of the *Cactus opuntia*, upon which these insects will feed; and he proved by experiment that the colour of the cochineal was the same upon whatever variety of the plant they were nourished, though the thorny plants were the least advantageous, owing to the annoyance they occasioned to those who tended them.

In the countries where cochineal is cultivated, the nopaleries are carefully enclosed to keep the plants from being trampled down by intruding animals. The nopals are set about two feet apart on each side of paths regularly laid out, and are so disposed as to receive the full influence of the sun. The soil must be well kept, and all other insects destroyed; but spiders are encouraged to weave their webs where they will, as they never touch the cochineal, but prey upon its enemies. No great amount of labour is required, seeing that a single Indian can attend to an acre and a half of nopals while the plants are advancing to perfection—and it is said that the less the plants are meddled with the better do they thrive. They are always planted from cuttings; and they require eighteen months' growth before they are ready to receive and nourish the insects.

What is called the sowing of cochineal is performed by taking the insects from the old plants whose juices are exhausted, and attaching them to young ones. This is done by gathering the insects in little receptacles formed of cane fibre, matting, or bits of rag, and fastening these with a thorn to the leaves of the plant. The insects soon attach themselves and multiply with astonishing rapidity. After the plants have been fed on for six years, they are exhausted, and have to be cut down—the insects being first removed.

The cochineal harvest is usually gathered in haste by a mixed crowd of men, women, and children, who enter the plantation at break of day, and, armed with blunt knives, scrape off the insects into a dish or close woven basket. A single hand will gather a dozen pounds of the insects in a day, which, when killed and dried, will yield about four pounds of cochineal. The killing is done by heat, sometimes by pouring boiling water upon them, at others by placing them for a time in an oven: when killed with hot water, they are afterwards spread in the sun to dry.

The above is the method pursued by the Mexicans, according to the report of De Menonville. In other places the management seems to differ. Humboldt, who witnessed the culture of cochineal both in Mexico and in parts of South America, speaks of the constant care which is taken to keep the plants clean. He says that in some parts of Guaxaca three harvests of cochineal are obtained in the year; and he records a curious custom which prevails among the negro proprietors. When the rainy season is approaching, they collect the insects from the plants, pack them in hamper, and carry them to other plantations at a distance, where the rains are not so heavy; here they remain until the rains are past, and are then brought back to their native place to feed and multiply until the harvest.

The cochineal gardens established by De Menonville in St. Domingo thrived so well, that ere the expiration of ten years the produce of that island was quite equal in quality to that of Mexico, while it was constantly increasing in quantity. But the French revolution came, and with it the overthrow of industry and order, and in the devastation which swept over St. Domingo, the cochineal culture disappeared. Some years ago the insect was introduced into several of the British West India islands, and nurseries of the cactus on which they fed were planted, though with what amount of success does not yet appear. The cultivation of cochineal has also been tried with some success in Spain, and in the French colony of Algeria. But the most remarkable instance of the introduction of cochineal cultivation in recent times is that of which M. C. Piazzi Smyth gives an account in his interesting volume, recording his scientific operations in the island of Teneriffe. In the year 1835, a gentleman residing in that island introduced the cochineal insect and the plants on which it lives, with the view of finding additional employment for the poor. The people, however, so far from feeling grateful, rather scouted the new field of industry; they had a good wine trade, having grown grapes on their volcanic soil for more than three hundred years. The cochineal culture languished in their careless hands—few of the vine-growers caring to meddle with it. But by-and-by came a terrible visitation in the shape of a disease which attacked their vines; the grapes distilled their juices before they ripened, and then withered, the vines died, and want and famine stared every one in the face. The occupation of three centuries had been blasted at a stroke. Having now no other resource, the people planted the cactus in the abandoned vineyards, and took to cultivating cochineal. Their success, when they once set earnestly to work, was beyond all expectation; the plants grew and the insects multiplied so fast in their favourable climate that in the course of six months after commencing operations, they were able to reap a good harvest. Cochineal

culture speedily became the rage; fields, waste lands, orchards and gardens, were all transformed into nopaleries, and such profitable investments in the soil had never been made before. In Teneriffe the cactus will thrive anywhere, and an acre of the plants will produce from three to five hundred pounds of cochineal, the value of which in the market is from £45 to £75. The growers kill the insects by baking them in an oven, after which they are ready for export. In the southern parts of the island two crops are gathered in the year; the only drawback is the occasional occurrence of heavy showers, which wash the insects from the plants, and thus diminish the bulk of the harvest.

The manufacture of carmine from cochineal was discovered accidentally by a Franciscan monk about the middle of the seventeenth century, and a method of preparing it was published by Homberg in 1656. It at once gained favour with the public, as it was seen to excel all the other red pigments, both in regard to brilliancy and exquisite delicacy. It is much in request for various manufacturing purposes; it forms the rouge of the actor and of the fashionable dame who seeks to renew the bloom of youth, and its service is accounted indispensable among artists. In preparing it, the cochineal reduced to powder is boiled gently with carbonate of soda; it is then taken from the fire, and a weak acid is added, which changes the colour of the liquid to a brilliant hue. The substance of the cochineal settles at the bottom of the vessel, and the liquor transferred to another is again set on the fire; a preparation of fish-glue is now added to accelerate the precipitation of the colouring matter, which soon becomes deposited; the liquor is then poured off, and the deposit, which is the carmine, is filtered through fine linen. The processes, however, differ materially in different places, and both the methods and the materials used are kept secret. Carmine is sold in powder or in flakes; it is spread thickly on shallow saucers for toilet use; and it is cast in cakes for the convenience of the water-colour painter—in which latter form the best quality realises about ten guineas an ounce.

Sir Humphrey Davy tells a curious anecdote concerning carmine manufacture. An English manufacturer, knowing that the French carmine was much superior to the English, "went to Lyons to learn the process, and bargained with a celebrated maker for the acquirement of his secret, for which he was to pay a thousand pounds. He was shown the whole process, and saw a beautiful colour produced, but he was astonished to find that the French manufacturer's method was exactly like his own. He then accused him of having concealed something, but the man assured him he had not, and invited him to go over the process a second time. This was done, and the Englishman minutely examined the water and all the materials employed. Finding no difference, he exclaimed, 'I have lost my time and my money; for it must be the air of England which does not permit me to make good carmine.' 'Stay,' said the Frenchman, 'do not deceive yourself; what kind of weather is it now?' 'A bright sunny day,' was the reply. 'And such are the days,' said the Frenchman, 'on which I make my colour. Were I to attempt to manufacture it on a dark or cloudy day, my result would be the same as yours. Let me advise you, my friend, always to make carmine on sunny days.' 'I will,' said the Englishman, 'but I fear I shall make very little in London.'"

The use of carmine by artists marks an era in the history of colouring. From its pleasant working, its wondrous beauty and purity, and its fascinating delicacy, it was eagerly accepted by painters on its first introduction as a pigment. There is nothing resembling it to be seen in the works of the old masters; and even the finest flesh-tints of Raphael, Corregio, or Titian, show comparatively dead and dull by the side of a well-painted head, newly done, in which carmine has been freely used. We say "newly done," because of all the lakes carmine is the most fleeting and evanescent, and retains its splendour for the shortest time. Seduced by its fascinating effects, Sir Joshua Reynolds used it largely, and persisted in doing so, spite of the warnings of his friends—and it is to this fact, probably more than to anything else, that the mass of his pictures have fallen into such a ruinous condition, and that the merit upon which he most prided himself is now scarcely discernible, save by artists. Taught by experience, artists now rarely use carmine, save in combination with mineral pigments, with which it can be mixed to a definite amount without the liability to fade and fly off. When miniature painting was a popular art, before photography laid it finally on the shelf, the professors were lavish in the use of carmine, and it was curious to observe the effect of sunlight on their exhibited specimens, which were sometimes seen to part with every particle of their flesh-colour in the course of a few days.

SUN-DIAL MOTTOES.

BY HOWARD HOPLY.

SUN-DIALS are not abundant in England. They do not take kindly to our land of shadow and mist. They want the southern noons of Italy and Greece to call them into being. They are plentiful enough on the Riviera. Some years ago in travelling that mountain path from Cannes to Genoa, I encountered so many, that I determined at last to copy their mottoes; for each had its motto ostentatiously placed. No man could look up at those same dials without finding a sermon—it might be a pithy aphorism thereon—such as he could take away, turn over, and sagaciously ruminate upon. A hungry rustic, for example, impatient for the dinner-hour, might—if he could read Latin, that is—be told of the "emptiness of earthly food to satisfy man's cravings." Thus, coveting grosser sustenance, he would receive mental food, and each time he looked at the clock, the chance was renewed of his becoming a wiser and a better man. The road runs up and down through hoary olive-groves and purple vineyards; by hamlet and village on the mountain slopes. Here, day after day, at every village we passed, I drew up at the market-place, and took down the motto from the sundial. It was usually written in good bold letters, over a whitewashed space marked out with skeleton shadows, and the hours in a circle. A long iron spike stood out at an angle from the wall to tell the time on the whitewash.

How ancient an institution the sun-dial may be, we are not going to ask here. It is very certain that King Ahaz knew of it. Herodotus says the Babylonians first adopted it as a measure of the day. The old Egyptians seem to have done without a dial. Unless, indeed, those stately obelisks soaring into the

blue heaven at On and Thebes, may have served as gnomons or pointers, whose shadows, travelling round on the plain, marked off the circling hours upon the desert sands, even as the solemn ruins now strewn beside them mark off millenniums on the sands of time. As for the modern Egyptians, they still have a way—those of Upper Egypt, at least—of planting a palm rod in a space of flat ground, and counting time by its shadow falling on stones arranged in a circle. I have seen a *fellah* leave his buffalo in the furrow, and with all the glee of a schoolboy whose playtime was come, rush up to this primitive contrivance to see whether he might quit work—whether, in fact, the shadow was far enough advanced; an illustration of the text, "Like as the labourer earnestly desireth the shadow." The first dial came into Rome 290 B.C. And Plautus, in one of his comedies, rails at the new-fangled contrivance. He thinks it an innovation anything but conducive to comfort.

"A plague upon the man who first found out
How to distinguish hours. Plague on him too
Who in this place set up a sun-dial,
To cut and hack my days so wretchedly
Into small portions. When I was a boy,
My stomach was my sun-dial. One more sure,
Truer, and more exact, than any of them.
This dial told me when 'twas proper time
To go to dinner—when I had aught to eat.
But, now-a-days, why, even when I have,
I can't fall to unless the sun gives leave.
The town's so full of these offensive dials,
The greatest part of its inhabitants,
Shrunk up with hunger, creep along the streets."

By the side of the sunny, dusty road just as you enter Nice, there is a homely cottage, with a sun-dial above a vine-mantled trellis, having this motto written in a rough hand:—

"Io vado e vengo ogni giorno
Ma tu andrai senza ritorno."
*I go every night, and come back every morning,
But thou wilt depart without ever returning.*

An echo to this is found in one I have elsewhere seen, appended to the *evening* hours on a wayside cadran:—

"Haste, traveller, the sun is sinking low,
He shall return again, but never thou."

There is a quiet old Franciscan monastery, picturesquely perched on the top of one of the olive-clad hills behind Nice, in whose sunny cloisters I have beguiled many an afternoon, chatting with the monks. The mid space is filled with early spring flowers, which the venerable fathers assiduously cultivate, make garlands of, and distribute to the lady visitors, who Peri-like cluster ruefully at the wicket gate of this cloister, but may not enter. Only men folk are permitted to go in, and these flowers, therefore, console the heartburnings of such as perforce stay out. Here, then, sitting under an arch's grateful gloom in that monastic cloister, my glance used to fall upon the following motto, scrawled up on a dial opposite to:—

"Tua hora ruit mea,"
which monkish Latin I took to mean—
Thy hour and mine hurries away.

On the wall of the quadrangle above me, planted so as to catch the later sunshine, and take up the parable, there was another with this inscription:—

"Volat sine mora."
It flies and tarries not.

While again, at an angle of the cloister beneath the

belfry, where the last glowing light of the setting sun could reach only in part, was another:—

"Ultima latet."
The last hour lies hid.

When the old monks tolled the Angelus, this dial was half in gloom, and the evening hours were shrouded in shade.

In a little village beyond Mentone we drew up our carriage to copy:—

"Afflictis lentæ, celeres gaudentibus horæ."
To the joyful the hours speed quickly, but to the afflicted they tarry and are slow.

A little farther on, nestled in a perfect Eden of nature, where little mountain falls babbled perpetually, and dew-sprinkled fern-hollows and blooming gardens and vine-clad slopes, running down into the liquid sapphire of a lazy bay, told all of summer gladness and peace, was a bell-tower having this inscription on its dial:—

"Memento horæ novissimæ."
Remember the last hour!

It was a peremptory admonition, and issuing from all this pomp of nature it set you a-musing like the sound of a far-off vesper heard at sea.

"O tu qui binam uno gnomone conspicias horam
Heu! miser ignorastu moriturus eris."
O Thou who seest two hours from one gnomon, alas! wretched Man, thou knowest not that thou art about to die!

This I found near Coggoletto, Columbus's birthplace. I must leave the reader to get what meaning out of it he can. I confess it is puzzling.

Somewhere about here the following aphorism, reminding one of some pithy sentence from the Christian fathers, but in fact a bit out of an epigram of Martial, is written up—

"Horæ periunt et imputantur."
The hours slip by unheeded, but they are noted in the account against us.

As I stopped to find the time at another place, the warning motto told me—

"Suprema multis hora forsan tibi."

The hour I looked at was

The last hour to many, possibly to thee.

I have lost note of the place where the annexed was found:—

"Post tenebras spero lucem."
I hope for light after darkness.

At Grasse I read—

"Amicis quæ libet hora."
Any hour is sacred for friends.

At Florence—

"Mia vita è il sol,
Dell'uom la vita è dio
Senza essa e l'uom,
Qual senza sol son'io."
*My life is the sun,
Man's life is God,
Without Him man is
That which lacking the sun I appear.*

Namely, of course, a blank. There, also, if memory serves me, is the following:—

"Quod petis umbra est."
What you seek is shadow!

a double-shotted conclusion fired point-blank at the interrogator.

"Tempus ad lucem ducit veritatem,"
Time brings truth to light;

"Venio ut fur,"
I steal imperceptibly on you;

"Præstant æterna caducis,"
Eternal things are preferable to those likely to die;

"Heu! querimus umbram,"
Alas! we pursue shadows;

"Dum spectas fugit hora,"
While thou lookest the hour flies;

"Festinat suprema,"
The last hour hastens,

are other mottoes that have been copied.

Perhaps one of the best ever devised is the following for force and truth and delicacy of allusion:—

"HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS,"
I only chronicle the SHINING hours.

Or this written on a dial affixed to a broad chimney of a farm-house, certainly a gem of clever punning:—

"Fumus et umbra sumus,"
We are smoke and shadow.

He must have been a jolly farmer, I trow, who wrote that up. I fancy an hour might have been less pleasantly spent than in cosy chat with him in the glow of that same chimney-corner on a wintry night.

"Lux post umbram,"
Light after shadow;

"Me lumen, vos umbra regit,"
I am guided by light, you by shade;

"Lux umbra Dei,"
Light is the shadow of God,

are from the north of Italy. Horace's motto,

"Carpe diem,"
Make the best of the day,

is in very common use.

The mottoes found in England are mostly on dials affixed to church towers. It seems to have been common a few centuries back to place dials there. A very old divine says: "Men's dayes are distributed vnto them like *houres* upon the horologe; some must live but till *one*: another vnto *two*: another vnto *three*. The palme turneth about, and with its finger pointeth to the *houres*. So soone as man's appointed *houre* is come, whether it be the first, second, or third, there is no more biding for him. *Nec prece nec pretio*, Neither by *prayer* nor *pryce* can death be moved to spare him but an *houre*. No. As the sounde of the *clocke bell* ringing, his last *houre* passeth away and turneth not again. So must the poor man at death packe him out of sight, and no more be seene upon the *land of the livinge*."

The following is in Shenstone Church:—

"If o'er the dial glides a shade, redeem
The time: for lo! it passes like a dream;
But if 'tis all a blank, then mark the loss
Of hours unblest by shadows from the cross."

The gnomon of this dial is shaped like a cross, hence the allusion to its shadow in the last line.

At Seaham Church there is this—

"The natural clock work by the mighty ONE
Wound up at first, and ever since has gone,
No pin drops out, its wheels and springs hold good,
It speaks its maker's praise—though once it stood—
But that was by order of the maker's power,
And when it stands again, it goes no more."

Another reads—

"See the little day star moving,
Life and time are worth improving.
Seize the moments while they stay;
Seize and use them,
Lest you lose them,
And lament the wasted day."

The "little day star," was a spot of sunlight falling through a hole in the pointer, to indicate the hour.

"We shall—(die-all)."

"Watch and pray, time steals away."

"Our life's a flying shadow, God's the pole,
The index pointing at him is our soul;
Death's the horizon, where our sun is set,
Which will through Christ a resurrection get."

"So glide the hours, so wears the day,
These moments measure life away,
With all its trains of Hope and Fear;
Till shifting scenes of Shade and Light,
Rise to Eternal Day or sink in Endless Night."

These are taken from old church towers.

But to my mind, the finest motto by far I have seen, is that appended to a horologe lately set up at Nice—an elaborate affair, recording days and seasons, and moons and years, and a host of other curious things besides. Above all the fuss and complication of intertwined lines and segments that work out these problems, the following simple motto stands forth:—

"Transit umbra, lux permanet,"
The shadow passes, light remains.

What can be said after that? What could one better desire for a climax? A weary wayfarer toiling along life's dusty path would be braced heart and soul by it. It seemed to me an echo of sacred words: "God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."

Varieties.

MOTTOES FOR CLOCKS.—The old sun-dial makers must have been more devout than our modern clock-makers, or the tone of those times was more thoughtful than our own. We have seen engraved inside the cover of a watch the text, "Redeeming the time," but this was by the wearer's instruction. Why should not our public clocks bear words of solemn remembrance, such as were common upon ancient sun-dials? In illuminated clocks there might be brief sermons, by night as by day, which those who run might read. Even in this age of Mammon, when the first lesson would probably be, "Time is money," there are other thoughts that might be usefully and acceptably spoken by mottoes on church clocks.

NEW FOREST.—A letter from Mr. William Dickinson, tenant under the Crown of part of the New Forest, gives a curious glimpse of this part of England. "I pay the Crown for 436 acres of land, £816 per annum, that is, for rent and interest upon capital expended in improvements by the Crown at my request. The staple of many thousand acres round the two farms I hold, four miles apart (mostly planted with fir-trees), is as fine for agricultural purposes as is usually found in any county—very superior to that round London, and the climate superior to any I have hitherto met with in any other part of England. The land wants nothing but simple, honest farming by resident farmers. I say resident farmers, because both the farms I hold were farmed by the Crown up to the time I took them, and produced, I am told, very little indeed. They now produce heavy crops of the finest grain of all kinds, the finest roots, and growing grass two feet nine inches high was shown at the fat-cattle show at Christmas, at Mr. George Gibbs's stand, dug up from the open field to send there. I have no objection to show the last year's produce of the New Forest

farms—white wheat, red April wheat, barley, oats, both kinds of mangolds, and carrots—against the produce of any farm in England, not for a money wager, but for the benefit of the public. The highest quotation for last year's wheat in the London market on the 21st ult. was 48s. per quarter, or £12 per load, being five quarters; the highest price at Southampton was £11 5s. per load; my last sale return from Guildford on the 21st was £13 15s. per load; my barley is equally good, but has not yet been offered for sale; my red and yellow mangolds both got second prizes at Birmingham, and my carrots were commended. As regards inhabitants, there are poor people scattered about the forest, who with great difficulty earn a living, and find some resource in the produce of the forest. They may be driven by hunger, perhaps they are, but there is no doubt cattle and pigs are taken without respect of persons. I have been favoured with the interest they take in my cattle and pigs. I now send out heifers in calf instead of Scotch bullocks, and never send out my pigs without a person to stay with them during the day and bring them home at night. My newly-made hay was taken away with a horse and cart from the field during the night before it was to be carried to the stack; my wheat was taken from two fields—one at each end of the farm—on the night it was cut; and there are occasionally prosecutions by the Crown for taking rabbits and pheasant-eggs, and children are prosecuted for damaging trees for firewood. Is it not a scandal? Is it not a sin? Is it not grievous to see children driven out into the forest to pick up what they can for food and firing, and men half-starved for want of work, in a country of 60,000 acres of land capable of growing the finest grain and the finest roots in England, but uncultivated, and that because it belongs to the Crown? Had not the Crown better sell the 60,000 acres to be cultivated; employ the increasing population honestly; grow food for them as well as for the country at large? The forest, after paying off the common rights in land or money, would realise to the Crown between one and two millions of money, one million of which invested in consols would produce £32,500 per annum, instead of £1,700 as at present. I feel sure her Majesty would approve this; it only need be placed before her to receive her consent. What would be about the produce of the 60,000 acres farmed by individuals who would purchase them? In all probability it would be farmed after this manner: 20,000 acres might be in pasture, 10,000 in wheat, 10,000 in barley, 10,000 in oats, and 10,000 in roots. 10,000 acres in wheat, 3 quarters to the acre, would be 30,000 quarters; 10,000 acres in barley, 5 quarters to the acre, would be 50,000 quarters; 10,000 acres of oats, 7 quarters to the acre, would be 70,000 quarters; 10,000 acres of roots, 25 tons to the acre, would be 250,000 tons. 20,000 acres of pasture for sheep, etc.—produce to be added by a more competent judge than I am. One sheep an acre for the roots and one sheep an acre for the pasture would produce of sheep annually 30,000."

PAPAL ASSUMPTIONS ON THE INFALLIBILITY QUESTION.—It is assumed that Jesus Christ gave to Peter supreme and full primacy and principality over the Universal Catholic Church. It is assumed, further, that in so doing he also gave it to the Holy Roman Church. It is assumed that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of Peter; and in that assumption is included the assumption that Peter was at Rome, and that he was Bishop of Rome—points upon which Scripture happens to be silent. It is assumed that whatever power Peter had, the Pontiff has from him, and this assumption is made "truly and humbly," for indeed the Pontiff cannot but be all truth and humility. It is assumed that the Roman Church is under a distinct obligation, and has a special power and authority for the definition; that is, for the absolute stopping of all questions of faith that may arise. This is to be done by "its own" judgment; that is, by the judgment of the Church of Rome. It is assumed that the words, "Thou art Peter," etc., mean that the Church was to be built in Peter, not only as respects his character, his utterances, and his career, and as a prominent example of others like him, but also on the ground that he was the recognised chief of the Apostles and the predestined founder of a like succession. It is assumed that these words of our Lord addressed to Peter are proved to possess the particular significance ascribed to them by the Church of Rome by the test of results, those results being the singular and absolute immunity from doctrinal error enjoyed by the Apostolic See, which, it is assumed, has kept the whole faith, and that without spot, in a singular and remarkable manner. It is assumed that it is the place of the Pope to define—that is, to make and proclaim—articles of faith; and of an Œcumenical Council to approve. It is assumed that when our Lord said he had prayed for Peter that his faith should not fail, that prayer implied a promise that both Peter

himself and his alleged successors, the Bishops of Rome, would always have a perfectly right judgment in all theological, spiritual, moral, political, and social questions. On these assumptions it is argued and concluded that the Roman Pontiff, whenever he acts and speaks with authority—that is, in a formal and customary manner, according to rule and precedent—possesses and exhibits all the infallibility promised in Holy Writ to the whole Church; and that as far as the Church is infallible, so is he; in whatever matter it is infallible, in that matter is he.—*Special Correspondent of the Times.*

DISHONESTY IN ADVERTISING.—Several cases of dishonesty have been mentioned to us respecting the practices of collectors of advertisements, in misrepresenting the numbers of the periodicals for which they collect; but in this sin they are not alone, for the publishers, some of whom are of good standing, must be charged as participators and abettors. The entire blame may be occasionally thrown upon the collector for a newspaper, but this cannot be the case with a magazine, when bills for insertion are asked for and received; there the publisher is clearly responsible for any mis-statements. Some gross cases have at different times been brought before our notice. Amongst them, we may instance one where but 2,500 copies of a magazine were printed, and when 20,000 bills were asked for and received. Another, when the circulation was 17,000, and the bills asked for 40,000; another with a circulation of 30,000, and when, on one occasion, no fewer than 60,000 bills were actually asked for and received, the extra 30,000 on this occasion were claimed by the collector as a perquisite, and by him sold as waste paper. Many other cases could be named, as it is the common practice to overstate the circulation when advertisements are asked for; indeed, it may be said that in three cases out of four, where any number is mentioned, it is an exaggeration. The advertisers themselves are to some extent responsible for much of this exaggeration, as they too frequently prefer a large to a useful circulation. The more respectable class of newspapers, with an undoubtedly good if not large circulation, never mention their numbers. The circulation of some of the most influential journals, some of those which are notoriously the best advertising mediums, is not large, and if stated would be at once set upon by dishonest collectors, who would parade fictitious numbers, or disadvantageously contrast the circulation of other journals. This, however, is not nearly so bad as the practice of those publishers who misrepresent the circulation of their magazines, and ask for more bills than they insert, or have any intention of inserting, as they not only get their order by a false pretence, but also defraud the advertiser of the over quantity of bills. It will be well for publishers of magazines to consider whether any mis-statement of circulation, either by themselves or by their agents, may not invalidate their claim for payment of advertisements inserted, and whether they do not run the risk of legal, or even criminal proceedings, if they induce advertisers to send in more bills than there is any intention of inserting.—*The Bookseller.*

LACONIC LETTER.—James Sibbald, the editor of the "Chronicles of Scottish Poetry," resided for three or four years in London without communicating with his friends. At last his brother, a Leith merchant, found means to send him a letter, inquiring into his circumstances and where he lived. Sibbald's reply was this:—"Dear Brother,—I live in So-ho, and my business is so-so.—Yours, JAMES SIBBALD."

SILK TRADE.—The total export of silk goods from the United Kingdom to France in the year 1860 was £413,702, and in 1867, £303,860—£109,842 less in 1867. Our exports of silk goods to all our colonies and foreign countries have been almost stationary. In 1859 the amount was £2,353,712; in 1868, £2,321,865. We must not, however, suppose that this represents the full value of our silk trade, or that it did not make some progress during eight years. The imports from France increased from £3,111,698 in 1860 to £10,214,700 in 1867. This clearly proves that slackness of trade was not produced by the absence of demand.

POOR-LAWS.—The principle of the Poor-law presents the gravest difficulties to the philosophic mind; but those difficulties are neutralised in practice by two great considerations. One is, that the funds are supplied from local levies in each neighbourhood of the country; and the other is, that they being so supplied, a sentiment of honour and of shame operating powerfully in the public mind, creates a revulsion and a loathing of pauperism, and imposes a salutary check upon the invasions which, if that revulsion did not exist, would undoubtedly be made, not only upon property, but upon that which is more valuable still—namely, the self-respect, the morality, and the independence of the people.—*Mr. Gladstone.*

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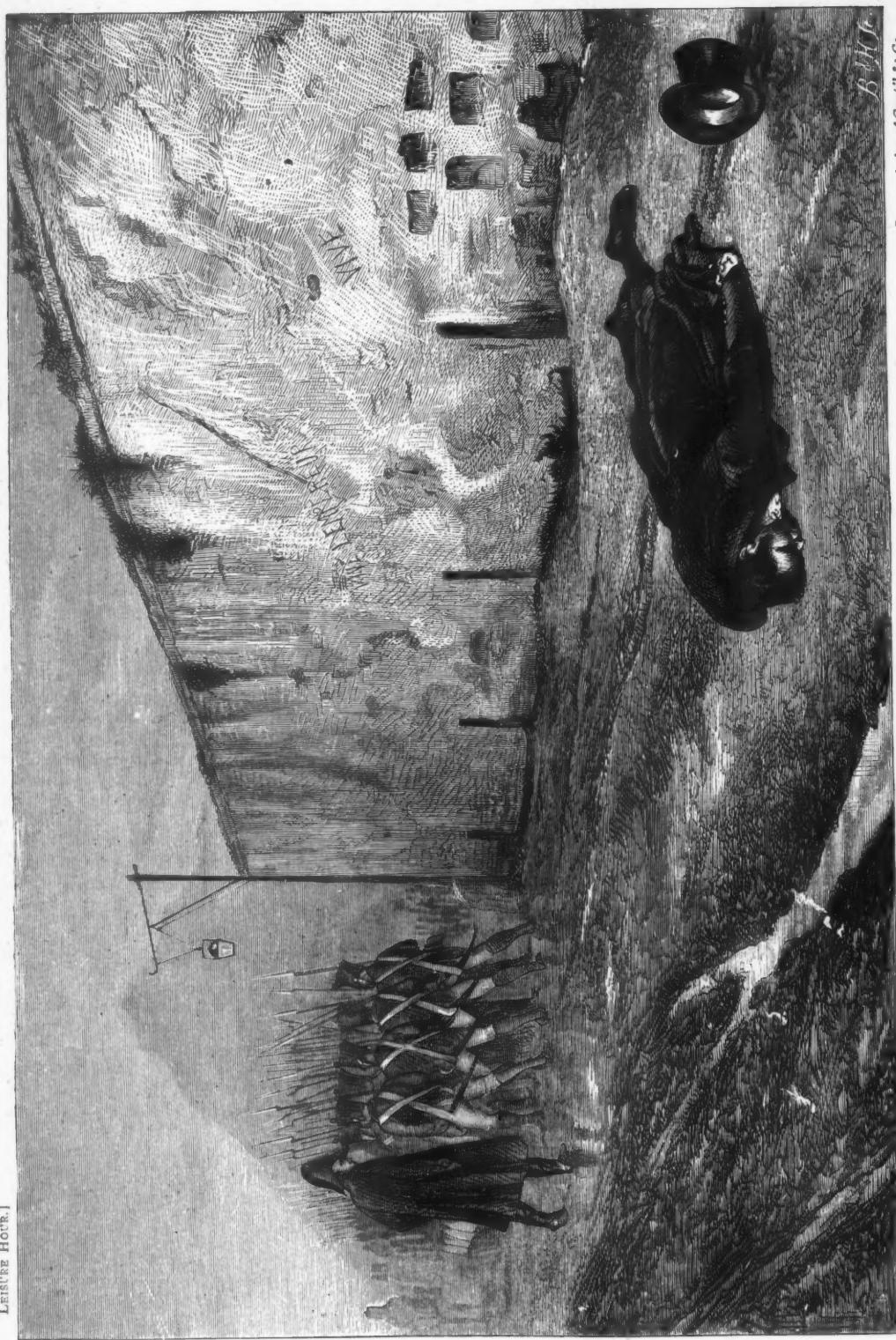
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